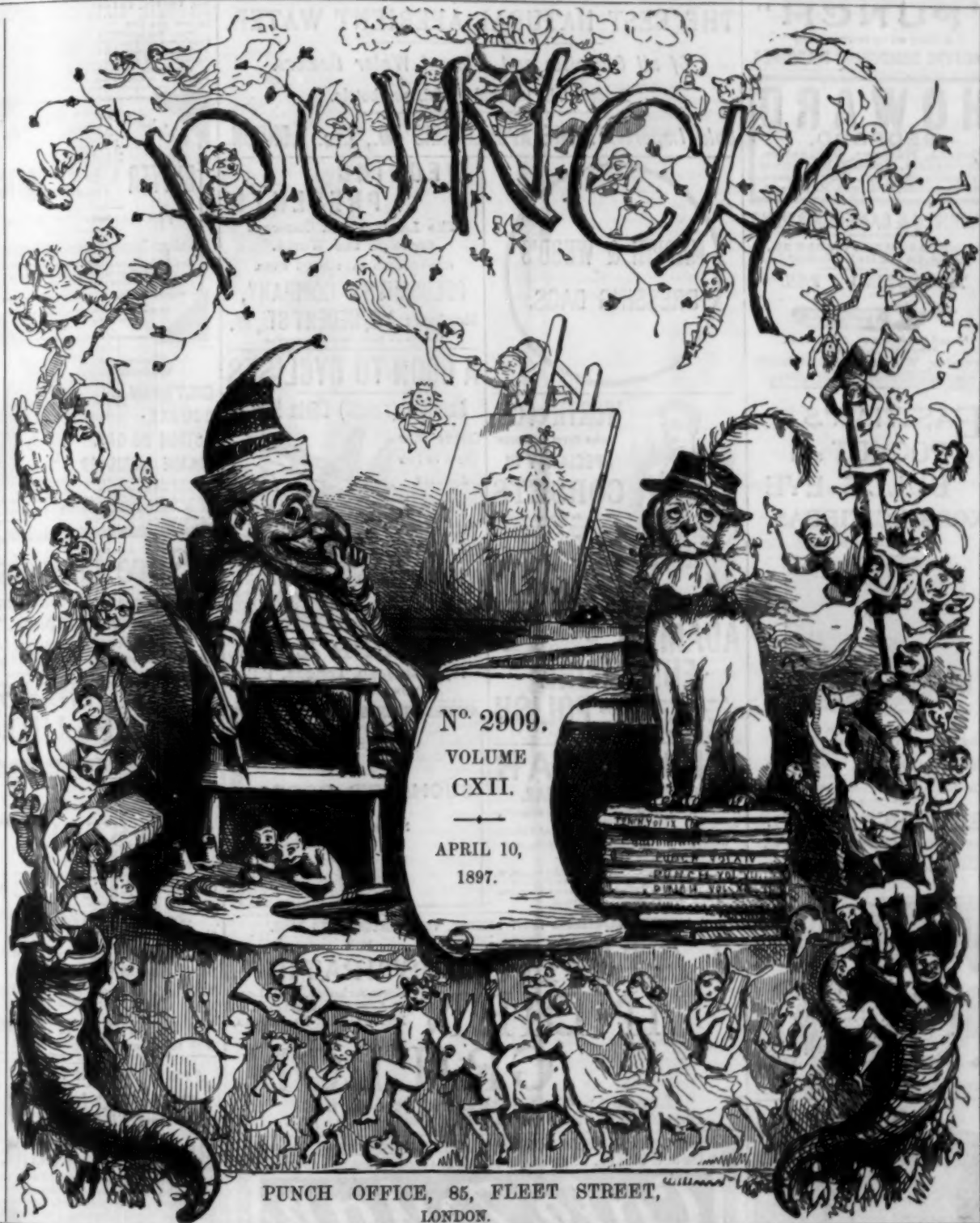


# CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.



PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
LONDON.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

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effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 6d. and 1s.  
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BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.





## APPRECIATION.

Miss Ellen. "THIS ONE IS FOR THE ACADEMY, AUNT CLARA."  
Aunt Clara (who feels she must say something). "HOW VERY NICE!  
OH, MY DEAR ELLEN, WHAT A PERFECT LOVE OF A FRANK!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THOUGH S. BARING-GOULD is not seen at his very best in *Guavas the Tanner*, which, considering its subject, might be located among his "miner" works, yet does the tale abound in exciting situations, and presents us with a couple of heroines, the one as good, the other as bad, as they make 'em; a manly hero and a contemptible pair or more of villains, on whom poetic justice comes down heavily before the final chapter. The construction of the story is, like its mining technicalities, a bit puzzling, while the explanations are, at all events to the eager reader who would not willingly be a skipper, somewhat tedious. For all that the Baron recommends *Guavas the Tanner*.

Messrs. A. & C. BLACK, by publishing their most useful *Who's Who*, show that they decidedly know "What's What." It brings us up to the very latest date of the County Council election of March the ninth; it gives us not only the House of Lords but the Heirs of Peers, which, as a title to a catalogue in this work, hath a sound calculated to raise the dander of an anti-peerish Radical who might be inclined to say, "See what airs the Peers give themselves!" Army, Academy, Bishops, Corporation, and even "Agents for Cruises," all are here mixed up with Admirals, Deans, Earls, and Field-Marshal; information as to Ireland and India; Memoirs about Magistrates and Magazines; notes on Navy and Newspapers, and brief biographies of notabilities from the first to the last letter of the alphabet, giving even the recreations of distinguished individuals, one of whom has recorded how the little time he has to spare away from his multifarious duties is devoted to the "recreation" of "amateur soldiering." Delightful! What charming pictures of infantry drill in the nursery, pickets in the pantry, and the charge of the light brigade on the rocking-horse, does this not suggest! And what is the recreation of the "retired statesman," Mr. GLADSTONE? It is simply "Literature." No biking and golfing, such as occupy the spare time of Rt. Hon. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, Captain of the Golfers, and President of Cycle-Unionists. Remark a touching entry in the brief biographical note about the Hon. Sir ROBERT ROMER, whose "recreations" are "shooting, cycling,

rowing; formerly cricket." The "formerly" might be somewhat sad, were it not that any one of the other three sports and pastimes would be quite enough for any ordinary individual. Still can Mr. Justice blithely sing,

I'm a ROMER, I'm a ROMER,  
And I'll be a ROMER still!

So "his health and song," and may he long continue to be "the noblest ROMER of them all." *Who's Who* is a most useful and companionable book.

It is pretty obvious that if CLARK RUSSELL had never lived and written his unique *Tales of the Sea* we should never have had *Captain Castle* (SMITH, ELDER). There is the same blameless, single female on board a sailing ship; the same villainous, mutinous crew; the same gallant sailor who, almost single-handed, distinguishes himself at every turn of untoward event. There is the same ocean, but with a difference. No one but CLARK RUSSELL is able to bring within the binding of a six-shilling novel (or, for that matter, one published at the old price of a guinea and a half) the movement, the very smell of the sea. Nevertheless, my Baronite says, Mr. CARLTON DAWK is an admirable understudier, his book being, after the manner of the Master, crammed with vivid incident graphically portrayed.

## THE "MERRY FAMILY" CONCERT.

We are a merry Concert, sort of Family "Monday Pop."  
We must play on because, you see, each one's afraid to stop.  
We all conduct each other, for we couldn't trust a leader,  
But we don't know what might happen to the one who turned seceder;  
For all the rest might round on him. Of course, it's awful  
footle,  
But needs must when the—Sultan—drives, so on we twang and  
tootle.

But we all are playing different airs, and none in the same key,  
So the tutti's awful shaky, and the tempo—oh, dear me!!!  
Russia plays first fiddle, Germany the big drum,  
And England—well, I think they say—her instrument's the comb!  
France has the penny-whistle, Italy the guitar.  
Oh! we are a merry Concert! Yes, we are, we are, we ARE!!!

## "In the Queen's Name."

Martha the Cook (to LIZZY the Housemaid). 'Ere's an 'orrible mistake. In 'is subscription list the Heditor 'as spelt your name with a "hi" and a "ho" instead of a "y."

## STARTING A SYNDICATE.

## A SERIO-COMIC INTERLUDE.

SCENE—An Office in the City. TIME—After Lunch.

PRESENT—Members of a proposed Syndicate.

First Mem. And now, gentlemen, to business. I suppose we may put down the capital at fifty thousand?

Second Mem. Better make it five hundred thousand. Half a million is so much easier to get.

Third Mem. Of course. Who would look at a paltry fifty?

First Mem. Perhaps you are right. Five pound shares, eh?

Fourth Mem. Better make them sovereigns. Simpler to manipulate.

First Mem. I dare say. Then the same solicitors as our last?

Fifth Mem. Yes, on the condition that they get a firm to undertake the underwriting.

First Mem. Necessarily. The firm I propose, gentlemen, are men of business, and quite recognise that nothing purchases nothing.

Second Mem. And they could get the secretary with a thousand to invest.

First Mem. Certainly. Our brokers, bankers, and auditors as before. Eh, gentlemen?

Fifth Mem. On the same conditions.

First Mem. That is understood. And now the prospectus is getting into shape. Is there anything else anyone can suggest?

Fourth Mem. Oughtn't we to have some object in view?

First Mem. Assuredly. Making money.

Fourth Mem. Don't be frivolous. But what I mean is, should we not know for what purpose we are going to expend the half million?

First Mem. Oh, you mean the name. Well, that comparatively unimportant detail we might safely leave until our next pleasant gathering.

[Meeting adjourned. Curtain.]



**"WHERE'S YOUR WHEELIE GLADSTONE NOW?"**

WHY, IN HIS STUDY, QUIETLY CONTEMPLATING THE PROBABILITIES OF HIS BEING ANNOUNCED AS A PRACTISED GOLFIIST, AN ACCOMPLISHED CYCLIST, A PERFECT PUGILIST, AND AN "ADMIRABLE CRICHTON" IN SPORTS GENERALLY.



Mina (whispering to her mother). "MUMMIE, ISN'T COLONEL GRIMSHAW UGLY?"

The Colonel. "DON'T YOU KNOW, MY LITTLE GIRL, THAT IT IS RUDE TO WHISPER IN COMPANY!"

Mina. "WELL, IT WOULD BE RUDEER TO SAY IT OUT LOUD!"

### UP AND DOWN.

(The Middle-class Taxpayer to Sir Michael.)

"Up, up, up goes the revenue! Again it is advancing by leaps and bounds. This year it has reached the amazing total of £112,198,547; or £2,858,601 over last year's corresponding returns, which was held to be a phenomenal yield."

*Daily Chronicle.*

AN! Here we go up, up, up! And there we go down, down, down!

No, no, not a bit of it! Jubilee gifts should a jubilee revenue crown.

But—the Income Tax stands, as so long it has stood, at eightpence—oh lor!—in the pound.

And whenever "phenomenal yields" do turn up, phenomenal claims, too, are found.

Sir MICHAEL, my boy, we will dub you Saint MICHAEL if only you'll lower that tax,

Which we middle-class camels have patiently borne, but which slowly is breaking our backs.

Here we go up, up, up! Well, we're glad in this Jubilee Year

You should have such a bonus. But, mercy upon us! you're apt to forget us, we fear.

We must pay the Old Lady her eightpence, subscribe to the Jubilee Purse,

And eke to the Indian Famine Relief Fund! Our state, my dear Sir, will be worse

In this *Annus Mirabilis*, leaping and bounding. We're loyal to country and Crown,

But oh! since the Revenue goes up, up, up, let the Income Tax go down, down, down!!!



A Suggestion to Owners of Factory Chimneys near the route of Royal Procession. You'd get the above prices easily.

### THE TRUE PATRIOT.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, in his high-spirited and patriotic speech at the Royal Colonial Institute, complained of certain unfriendly critics who "appear to be under the impression that nobody but a foreigner has a right to be a patriot." A hit, a palpable hit, Sir! *Per contra*, however, there are a yet larger number of people who appear to hold the equally irrational opinion that "nobody but an Englishman has a right to be a patriot"; and that the patriotism of the foreigner is, to say the least of it, a mere superfluity of naughtiness. Which is absurd! If patriotism is a crowning virtue in a Briton, it cannot be a vice even in a Boer. Let us, whether common citizens of Colonial Ministers, remember that the worst enemy of Peace is he who would make patriotism a monopoly—anywhere.

A patriot, no doubt, is a fine fellow,  
Whether he's black, or white, or brown, or yellow;  
But the wise patriot, free to strife and schism,  
Allows for other people's patriotism.

WITH THE S. AFRICAN INQUIRY COMMITTEE.—MR. L-B-CH-RE hopes to succeed in carrying out his plan of examination, cheered by the ancient Latin proverb, "*Labby omnia vincit*."

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD PROVERB (by an evicting landlord on the route of the Royal Jubilee Procession).—"An empty house is better than a good tenant."





### À LA MODE.

Madame Jones. "THERE, MISS! NOW DON'T THAT STYLE SUIT YOUR MA'S FIGURE MOST BEAUTIFUL?"

### THE WOTHERSPOONS.

A STORY IN SCENES.

VII.

SCENE—The Dining-room, as before.

Spencer (to himself). It's awful! Poor dear ETTA! engaged to a Swiss valet, and no more idea of it than— I really don't know what I can say or do. I wonder whether— I'll try it. (Aloud.) Er—VON GUBLER, to return to this valet. It strikes me now that he'd much better marry the keeper's daughter.

Fritz (with a short laugh). Very good advice, but a little too late!

Henrietta (to herself). How blind poor SPEN is! If I could only open his eyes, or work on this girl's better feelings—if she has any—I might— (Aloud, with intention.) Yes, SPENCER, FRITZ means that the girl, from pique or—some other motive, has been foolish enough to engage herself to—somebody more than twice her age.

Spencer (to himself). That's a back-hander for me. It's not kind, or like ETTA—but there, poor girl, I must make allowances for her. (Aloud.) Oh, I was not aware of that. Well, well, such marriages are not always—

Henry. But this one can't turn out well. And how does she know that, when it is too late, the valet who, I believe, is still devoted to her— You did say so, didn't you, FRITZ? (In an undertone.) Say he is; you're not helping me a bit!

[FRITZ tugs at his moustaches with an expression of hopeless vacuity.]

Mercy. Excuse me, ETTA, my dear, but if Mr. VON GUBLER told you that, he might have mentioned that the valet—unless I'm very much mistaken—is engaged to be married himself.

Spencer. And for purely mercenary reasons, I'm afraid, eh, MERCY, my darling? Still—er—I am sure that, if his fiancée were acquainted with the facts, she wouldn't hesitate a moment in releasing him.

Mercy. Mr. VON GUBLER hasn't said yet whether the valet wanted to be released. (To FRITZ.) Does he?

Fritz. To find himself left out altogether in the colt? Nod likely!

Spencer. Ah, but there's time yet, you see. He might go back to his old sweetheart, and MERCY has an idea that if he did, she might not be unwilling, even now— (To MERCY, sotto voce.) Back me up, darling, back me up!

Mercy. You're going too far, SPENCER. If she's the girl I take her for, she wouldn't have anything to do with a man who's left off caring for her.

Henry. But he hasn't left off, has he, FRITZ? And—and we both think, if she only had the courage to break it off—

Mercy. On the bare chance that he might do the same? I wouldn't, in her place. Besides, how can a girl tell a man like that?

Spencer (thoughtfully). I see the difficulty. But I tell you what I could do, VON GUBLER. If I only had this other man's name and address—I mean the man this girl is now engaged to, I'm quite willing to go and call upon him myself, and put it to him delicately, you know.

Mercy. Oh, don't, don't! if you only knew how ridiculous you're making yourself!

Spencer (annoyed). My dear MERCY, you might give me credit for being—er—sufficiently a man of the world to—

Henry. No, no, SPENCER. I will undertake to explain it to him. And if MERCY can tell me where to find this other woman, I will go and see her. I'll appeal to her pride and self-respect to give up this man, the valet, who doesn't really care for her, and does care for somebody else. (MERCY giggles hysterically.) I appear to amuse you?

Fritz. It is nodings. Miss MARIGOLT thinks perhaps you will find that lathy a liddle diffcult to convince.

Mercy. But if they were both free, they wouldn't be a bit forwarder, for the valet has nothing to marry on.

Fritz. I peg bardon. I habben to know he has a schmall brobertry, nod much, but enoff to pay a liddle hotel or lotching-house, and lif bretty gomfordable.

Henry. There, MERCY, you see that if the girl only— But let us two go upstairs and talk it over, and leave SPENCER and FRITZ to smoke in peace. [She rises.]

Spencer. Yes, go, my dear, for I should like a little quiet chat over this with VON GUBLER, and if he will leave it to me—

Fritz (sullenly). It is pedder you leaf it to the yong beoples to seddle. It is fery simble. This yong chab has only to say to the yong womans, "Look here, if you sack your olt vellow, I gif my olt curl whad you gull the chuck!" There it is in a nudshell.

Spencer (disgusted). If that's your idea of putting it delicately!

Fritz. Ach, we are oal so deligate and diplomatic we nefer ged nowhere! HENRIETTA, do not leaf before I ask Miss MARIGOLT if she brefer an elterly sugarproker with nod much moneys, a schmall house, and a mittle-aged sister to a yong enderbrising Schviss with loaf in his heart and in his pocket a liddle gabital!

Mercy (rushing into his arms). Oh, FRITZ, of course I'd rather have you if you'll give up HENRIETTA! And I'm sure SPENCER won't mind. He's such a goodnatured old dear. Now, you know you are, SPENCER!

[SPENCER and HENRIETTA stare wildly at them.]

Spencer (passing his hand over his brows). But—but, MERCY, you can't be— Why, you told me your father was a gentleman-farmer, and frequently went out shooting with Lord COLESHAFTS!

Fritz. As keeber—quide drue. The rest—well, I subbose that was oal liddle MERCY's von.

Henry (faintly, from an armchair into which she has sunk). But—at least you cannot have been a—valet! A VON GUBLER!

Mercy. GUBLER I knew him as. Plain GUBLER. I fancy the rest was—well, wasn't little Fritz's von. And I can't help being a little amused, you know, at your being in such a state lest I should shock his aristocratic feelings by letting out that I'd been a servant. And oh, SPENCER, when you volunteered to go and put the case to yourself as one man to another—well, there, it was very nearly the death of me!

Spencer. I—I daresay it must have struck you as supremely ridiculous. However, I think I may assure you that my sister and I fully recognise now that—that— Ah, MERCY, MERCY, you might have been frank with me!

Henry (to Fritz). Do you suppose that if I had known—all this—I should ever have—?

Mercy. Oh, it's all very well, but you weren't so particularly frank with us. I shall always think—I always must think myself—that, being both so young and inexperienced, we ought to have been told more, and not deceived into giving a promise by—well, what some would call false pretences!

Fritz (wagging his head with solemn reproach). Yes, valse bretence, that is yust the vort. We haf been imbosd upon.



## REASSURING, BUT MORTIFYING.

*Aristocratic but Incompetent Amateur (anxiously). "HAVE YOU—ER—BACKED THE HORSE FOR MUCH?"*  
*Owner. "MY DEAR SIR, SHOULD I HAVE GIVEN YOU THE MOUNT IF I HAD!"*

*Spencer. (turning on him). Confound you, what do you mean by that? How have you been imposed upon?*

*Mercy. Why, I'm sure you never said a word about your not being well-off enough to give me a house of my own, and I'd no idea till this evening that I was expected to live in a poky little place like this along with your sister and her husband—let alone that he would turn out to be FRITZ!*

*Fritz. And Miss VODERBOON gif me to onderstand that her broder was always to remain a patchelor and bay rades and daxes. I was nefer doilt he vas engaged, and to the curl I loafed, and did not exbect efer again to see!*

*Spencer and Henry. (stammering). But—but—but—we never—!*

*Mercy. (sweetly). There, never mind, we forgive you. I'm sure, as things have turned out, we ought to feel very much obliged, oughtn't we, FRITZ? And now, if Miss WOTHERSPOON won't think it offully rude my leaving so early, I must be running away, as I promised aunt I'd be back soon. There needn't be any ill-feeling between us, I'm sure? (She comes towards SPENCER.)*

*Spencer. (indistinctly). I—I shall always wish you well, my dear.*

*Mercy. That's right. And—and I'm sure FRITZ won't be jealous if I gave you just one— (She comes closer; SPENCER draws back involuntarily). Oh, well, you needn't be sulky about it! FRITZ, you'll see me home to Shepherd's Bush, won't you?*

*Fritz. Certainly. Goodbye, mine HEN—I mean, Miss VODERBOON. Do not weep for me. In dime you com to see it is pedder we hart.*

*Henry. (with her hand on the bell). I think I have come to see that already.*

*Mercy. (cheerfully). Oh, yes, it would never have done. We should only have fought like ferrets in a bag. And now—why you two will have your easy little house, and your old-fashioned things, and your homely housemaid, all to yourselves. Goodbye, and thanks for a most offully pleasant evening. We can let ourselves out. Come, FRITZ, I darsay we can find a hansom at the corner.*

*[She departs, leaving SPENCER sitting stupefied, his head in his hands.]*

*Fritz. (as he follows her). A hansom—yes. Or a bus.*

*[The front door is shut. SPENCER and HENRIETTA remain silent for some time.]*

*Henry. (at length). Well, SPENCER?*

*Spencer. (drearily). Well, HENRIETTA?*

*Henry. They were right. We—we are better as we are.*

*Spencer. Yes, it would never have done.*

*[There is a knock at the door; both start violently. MARIA enters with tray.]*

*Maria. I thought p'raps it was coffee you rang for, Sir. (She sees Miss W. with surprise.) I've only brought two cups in, Miss HENRIETTA. I was going to give you and the—the young lady yours in the drawing-room.*

*Henry. Thank you, MARIA, but I will take mine here. And—the other two cups will not be needed—now.*

*Maria. (with comprehension). Well, Miss, I'm sure it's a load off my mind, for, as I've just been saying to cook—that coffee-machine don't make coffee, not fit to drink, for four. (To herself, as she goes out). Poor souls, it's easy to see what's happened. I think I'd better tell cook I'd only been gammoning her!*

*Henry. (rising, and putting her hand on SPENCER's shoulder). SPENCER, dear, are you feeling very sore about this?*

*Spencer. I feel I've been an old fool, ETNA, my dear, and it serves me right.*

*Henry. I've been quite as much a fool. SPENCER, that—that wretch had the impertinence to tell me "not to weep for him"! Oh, I wish now I could have said something that would have stung even him. And that girl actually offered to kiss you, after— Did you notice?*

*Spencer. Yes—I noticed. She thought I was sulky, but somehow I couldn't— (Half to himself.) I wish now I'd—*

*Henry. One never thinks of the right things till afterwards, and then it's too late.*

*Spencer. (with a sigh). And then it's too late.*

*[He puts out his hand, which she takes. Both sit gazing silently at the fire.]*

[THE END.]



He. "WHAT PRETTY HAIR THAT MISS DASHWOOD HAS—LIKE SPUN GOLD!"  
She (her rival). "YEE—FOURTEEN CARROT."

### ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Being some selections from the Correspondence between Mr. Robert Roundabout, his Nephew at Cambridge, and others.)

No. XI.—OF THE UNDERGRADUATE IN LONDON—OF THE YOUNG TOWN-BIRD—OF YOUTH AND ENJOYMENT—OF A DOG AND A CAT.

MY DEAR JACK,—Lo, how the weeks slip away! Perhaps on the very day of your receiving this letter you will be packing your luggage, paying your bills (ahem!), and descending upon the metropolis to witness, as one who, having been behind the scenes, knows all that is to be known about these two earth-shaking events, the Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Sports and the Boatrace from Putney to Mortlake. If you wish to make my humble rooms your headquarters for a few days before you go home and rejoice the heart of your mother, I need only tell you that you will be heartily welcome, and that a latch-key, to be used, as I hope, with the modesty and discretion that are the most charming qualities of youth, is at your disposal.

Even if I kept no count of the changing seasons by any other method, I should know the advent of the University Vacation by the appearance of our London streets. At every step you meet the slim and springy figures of the undergraduates, their fresh and cheerful faces somewhat overcast, it must be admitted, by the dread responsibility attaching to frock-coats, patent-leather boots and neckties, that in their ample magnificence leave but little to the imagination. Two of them, it may be, while walking irreproachably down St. James's Street, and reciting to one another the awe-inspiring names of the various clubs they pass, see a friend advancing to meet them. They saw him last at Cambridge two days before, when they parted from him at the end of a Term spent in his society. What does that matter? The three greet one another with a surprised enthusiasm that might be the result of years of separation. There are slappings on the back, hearty welcomes, immediate offers of cigarettes: "Why, old man, fancy meeting you here! What have you been doing all this time? When did you come down? Where are you off to? Are you doing anything to-night? Capital! Let's dine together and go to a play." And so they hook arm-in-arm and sway they go together as if the whole world with all its hopes and pleasures were theirs. The town-bird, even when recently fledged, is of a different order. Heaven forgive him,

he has been through everything and seen through everybody; for him everything is *vieux jeu*; he sees no more in life than Sir CHARLES COLDSTREAM (I think it was he) saw in the crater of Vesuvius, and he passes on his way, a parched and pleasureless being, to whom the world is as flat as the late Mr. HAMPDEN always maintained it to be. Even amongst undergraduates, I believe, this pattern has its imitators, who ape the man of the world, attempt to disguise themselves in a mask of cynicism, and put away from them forcibly all the joy and freshness and heartiness of youth. These are the youngsters—their numbers, I am thankful to say, are few, but should be fewer—who haunt the pleasure-palaces of London even in Term-time, whose highest ambition is to be mentioned in print as the associates of *Lais* or *Phryne*, and who find, when the unrelenting years have stranded them on the barren shore of middle age, that they have never been young or enjoyed themselves with a genuine enjoyment. Of these are not you. No, my dear JACK, enjoy yourself while you can, and don't be afraid of showing your feelings. It is a great thing to have friends, to hear their welcome as you greet them, to get all the good you can out of this delightful world and all that it contains of fresh, manly, honest pleasure while the fresh capacity for pleasure is still yours.

You say nothing in your letter about the agreeable *Tatters*. Am I to make provision for that talented terrier, or shall you send him home straight? I ask because, as you know, a large and friendly tabby cat in reality owns this house and all that it contains, though it does not disdain to be spoken of as the property of the landlady. *Selina* will have to be consulted on the subject of *Tatters'* arrival, and it is probable that a temporary sanctuary will have to be arranged so that there may be no collisions on the staircase or in the passages. Unlike *Tatters*, *Selina* has no tricks. She is a model of furry dignity, with an irresistible affection for my favourite armchair.

Goodbye. Your affectionate uncle, Bob.

P.S. Saturday, 3 P.M.—Oxford has won! Having delayed this letter in order to ascertain the result of the race, I suppose I am bound to condole with you on the recent loss! Not having seen or heard of or from you in London, I shall confide this letter to the hall-porter of my club, where I have no doubt you will make a point of calling.





THE ELEPHANT TRAP.





### THE FIRST ASPARAGUS OF THE SEASON.

Farmer (at Market Dinner). "WULL, GEN'ELMEN, I DUNNO WOT BE THE O'RECT WAY O' SERVIN' THESE 'ERE, BUT I GEN'ELLY EATS JUST THE ENDS O' 'EM MYSELF!"

[Helps himself to the tops!]

### "ALONE IN LONDON."

Do calls of duty, pleasure, fate,  
Explain the situation?  
Or has she accepted—somewhat late—  
J. Thomson's invitation?  
I know not. Knowledge, after all,  
My woe might only crown  
For all my pains—the fact remains,  
AMANDA'S out of town!

Though Fashion is a tyrant Queen,  
Her rule I'm now evading—  
I am not even to be seen  
On Sundays church-parading!  
South Kensington may rail at me,  
At me Belgravia frown,  
No more I rush to ball and crush—  
AMANDA'S out of town!

At social functions I have ceased  
To form a pleasing feature,  
For quite a fortnight at the least  
I've scarcely seen a creature—  
Except one day (we met by chance)  
With MAY (I mean Miss) BROWN  
I'd just a chat—no more than that—  
AMANDA'S out of town!

Far lonelier seems my lonely room  
Than ever I remember,  
For me the sky has all the gloom  
Of London in November.  
The sun shines rarer than it used,  
The rain beats steadier down,  
The streets appear more dull and drear—  
AMANDA'S out of town!

Even the theatres for a while  
For me have lost their magic,  
In funny plays there's ne'er a smile,  
And scarce a tear in tragic.  
A novel seems more hard to read,  
Black care more hard to drown,  
The old club-bore to haunt me more—  
AMANDA'S out of town!

Yet, happy thought! A maiden's bow  
To bear two strings is reckoned—  
Why not a man's, I'd like to know?  
By Jove! I'll start a second!  
This very afternoon I'll go  
And call on Mrs. BROWN,  
And while (with MAY) an hour away—  
AMANDA'S out of town!

\* "Come, dear AMANDA, quit the town," &c.,—  
an invitation given a Spring or two ago.

### Organic Appreciation.

Mrs. Bountiful (after hearing the new organ at the village church). What I most admire, Mr. SIMPLEX, are the wonderfully human tones of the NUX VOMICA stop!

NOTE BY DABBY JONES.—"It is the first time in my long experience that I ever heard of a HAWKE protecting pigeons. In some illogical but ornithological way the gentleman in question reminds me of a cuckoo collecting subscriptions for the preservation of the nests of sparrows."

### THE NEW CHIVALRY.

"It is natural that women should admire fighters. Naturally they think more of a man who can fight than of any other man."—John L. Sullivan on the Corbett-Fitzsimmons Fight.]

"O, WOMAN! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy," and—all the rest of it,  
When man is on his second's knees,  
'Tis then your presence makes the best  
of it.

Once wont to watch in battle's rear,  
Now in fight's brawling, brutal, bully  
van

You stand and shout, despising fear—  
So says the dithyrambic SULLIVAN.

CLARE sat and gazed o'er Flodden's fight  
At a remote, respectful distance.

Mrs. FITZSIMMONS keeps in sight,  
And renders practical assistance.

ELIZA, on the wood-crowned hill  
O'er Linden, watched wild war's vicissitude,

But Mrs. F., at the great "mill,"

"Conducts herself with great solicitude."  
Oh, sweet romance of the ring-side!

A pugilist must feel complacent,  
What time his Amazonian bride

With good advice is "close adjacent."

How that Pug's buzzum must rejoice  
Who, true to chivalry's high law alone,  
Hears his wife's winning, warning voice,  
"Keep at his ribs, and leave his jaw  
alone!!!"

At the old lists the ladies' eyes—  
So bards who hymn the tourney's shocks  
sing—

"Rained influence and adjudged the prize."  
How different in modern boxing!

'Tis now the lady's voice that rains

Pithy advice in free vernacular,

Urges the blow, the rush restrains,

At once inspiring and oracular.

Fancy Queen GUINEVERE of old,

When LANCELOT levelled for a casque-hit,

Out-shouting to her champion bold,

"Give him the lance in the bread-basket!"

"A pugilist at ARTHUR'S Court"

Would give MARK TWAIN, who never  
spareth,

A chance to show a Yankee "sport,"

Knocking out LANCELOT and GARETH.

A woman loves a fighter best;

ELAINE would now back BOB FITZ-  
SIMMONS;

King ARTHUR'S self, put to our test,  
Would never pass our standard—  
women's.

The Pug is now the Blameless King  
Who wins the modern woman's benison;  
And it is "Idylls of the Ring"

Must give his theme to our next  
TENNISON.

### GOLD IN LIVERPOOL.

THE following is gleaned from the columns of the *Liverpool Daily Post*:—

LOST, Gold-headed Lady's UMBRELLA, between L. and Y. Station and Sandhays Avenue, Waterloo.—Return to, &c. Suitable reward.

A "suitable reward" is all very well. But what reward can be suitable, in the sense of being adequate, for the honest man or woman who, having happened upon the umbrella of a gold-headed lady, returns the treasure to its owner? Miss Kilmansegg's leg wasn't in it with this strangely-gifted female.

### A Great Relief on Boat-race Day.

Little Chris (pointing to a horse with red rosettes). O, Daddy! here's a poor gee-gee what wasn't at one of the blue schools!





## SENDING-IN-DAY AT THE R. A.

"BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO SEE THE PRESIDENT. WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEE HIM FOR?" "I WANT TO SHOW HIM EXACTLY WHERE I WANT MY PICTURE HUNG."

## THE EASTER PROBLEM.

*Mater.* Well, dear, I suppose we must try the coast.

*Pater.* But wouldn't it be rather dangerous—with the equinoctial gales—for the children?

*Mater.* Yes, I suppose it would. Well, then we might go inland—to some sheltered spot.

*Pater.* Better; but then the country is so dull at this season of the year.

*Mater.* Yes, so it is. Well, I suppose it would be too expensive to go abroad?

*Pater.* What, all of us! Of course it would!

*Mater.* On my word, I can think of nothing else.

*Pater.* Well, my love, while you are making up your mind I will pop across the Channel and consider the matter in Paris.

[And he does!]

## NOT FOR AN AGE.

(From a Dramatic Romance à la P-n-ro.)

"I AM so glad to see you," cried the young girl, as the man with the brown hair tinged with grey approached her.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, and there was sorrow in his voice. "What is there in common between us?"

"Everything," was the brief but comprehensive reply.

"You are mistaken," he continued, with a heartfelt sob; "indeed you are. I tell you that the past stands between us. I am an outcast. My friends that I have not seen for many months are no more. I am alone. The years that are gone have carried away the dreams of youth and the realities of middle age."

"You surely take a pessimistic view of the situation."

"Indeed, I do not!" he urged mournfully. "What would I not give for my past youth! If I were three years younger there might be some hope. But no, I am too old! The wings of the elderly butterfly are withered, and he no longer can flutter from flower to flower."

"I do not believe it; I cannot believe it."

"But I tell you it is true. I have seen half-a-dozen pantomimes, and can remember the opera for as many seasons. I am out of date. Bond Street has forgotten me, and I scarcely know my way down Piccadilly."

"It is never too late to mend," said the beautiful girl, encouragingly.

"Your suggestion comes from a half-forgotten copy-book. No, no, it can never be. All my companions are gone. I will follow their example. I, too, will away to some desert island, where the aged can meet their peers. I live in the past. I have no power of existing in the future."

"This is cruel," cried the girl, sobbing bitterly. "Can you not see that I am dying for your proposal, that I am ready to become your wife?"

"Believe me, such a thing might have happened five years ago. But now it is too late."

"Nothing is too late—except perhaps a play in five acts, which commences at a quarter to eight, and ends at about half-past eleven!" Then, summoning up courage, she asked the momentous question, "How old are you?"

He trembled in every limb. Then he braced himself up to go through the terrible ordeal.

"You should know—for I must disillusion you—that I am a fossil of thirty!"

"It is wiser as it is," she returned, after a pause. "Perhaps May had better not mate with Early September."

And so they parted, and lived on happily for ever afterwards!

## Up to Now.

(After reading the denunciations of Arbitration at the Capetown Meeting, and the Amendments made to the Arbitration Treaty in the American Senate.)

ARBITRATE? Yes, about indifferent trifles,  
Not so important as to warrant war;  
But stick to the old arbiters, swords and rifles,  
About all things that are.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—While London is concerned over the water question, Dublin is agitated on the matter of whiskey. Might not the two be amicably mingled in the good old-fashioned way?

THE BEST "FINANCIAL RELATIONS."—Our "Uncles."

## RECIPROCITY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—No doubt you have observed that the Chancellor of the Diocese of London has decided that Governor BRADFORD's story of the Pilgrim Fathers shall be handed over to the Ambassador of the United States. Very right and proper, and possibly other records of historical interest to our relatives across the Atlantic might be added to the log of the *Mayflower*, with the best results. For instance, could not that bill for SHAKESPEARE's bed be recovered and transmitted? If it were receipted (there is a certain virtue in the "if") it is sure to have been preserved somewhere. Then HAMPTON's ticket for America, which was never used, might be discovered and forwarded with the rest. Perhaps it would be too much to send the original of Magna Charta, but there is (if I am not mistaken) a capital duplicate at Salisbury, which might be brightened up a bit and posted to Boston. There were claims, too, against the British Government, at the commencement of the present century, for compensation for losses incurred during the War of Independence, by the Mandamus Councillors of the King. Maybe, if these were duly forwarded to Washington, they would be honoured in a fashion beneficial to the descendants of those misguided Loyalists who preferred GEORGE the Farmer to GEORGE of the Stars and Stripes. Such a gift would be something of a set-off to the Alabama Claims that were so promptly honoured in this country. Lastly (if it has not already gone), could we not send out the kind heart of the great British nation? This would be following a precedent set by SIR HENRY IRVING.

All I would suggest in return for these simple gifts is a present of a fraternal good will, an article which, wherever it may exist, is certainly not to be found in the American Senate.

I remain, JONATHAN'S COUSIN IN ENGLAND.

A PROPOS DE BOTTES.—At a meeting of "the forward movement" of the Women's Vegetarian Association, it was said that vegetarian boots would shortly be on sale. Of course these feet coverings will be grown on boot-trees.



## MAKING HISTORY.

Young Squire. "AND WHAT, JOHN, DO YOU INTEND DOING TO COMMEMORATE HER MAJESTY'S GLORIOUS REIGN?"  
The "Oldest." "Oh, I SHALL TRY TO KEEP SOBER A WEEK!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, March 30, 2 A.M.—Members just streamed forth from heated air into cool March morning. Unlike the month the sitting, coming in like a lamb, went out like a lion. Ireland to begin with, Ireland for once almost hysterically unanimous. Report of Royal Commission on Financial Relations appears to promise opportunity of getting an extra million or so per annum out of the imperial exchequer. In such a cause what Irishmen would not be friends? As the Lord Mayor of Dublin—who, dressed all in his best, presented at bar a petition in favour of readjustment of financial relations of the two countries—beautifully said, "Let us, me boys, bury the hatchet of private animosity in the bosom of the public purse."

BLAKE presented Ireland's case in monumental speech. A sort of Whitaker's *Almanack-cum-Burdett's Official Intelligence*. Crammed with facts and figures; the long procession ably marshalled; the argument forcefully hammered home in lucid language, occasionally ennobled by simple eloquence. When he sat down there really didn't seem anything left for anyone else to say, unless it were the monosyllabled "No" by CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. That would never do in House of Commons, especially in debate on Irish subject. So more speeches followed, all of length commensurate with BLAKE'S.

Midnight mercifully intervened: Members instinctively turned their thoughts homeward, but not their steps. Report of Supply next order. This free from domination of Twelve o'Clock Rule; debate may go on as long as there are forty Members awake to keep it going. PHILIP STANHOPE,

the PHILIPPE EGALITE of a milder century, flung on dying embers of sitting a flask of oil fresh from Crete. Instantly they blazed up, filling the erewhile sleepy chamber with fierce flame and stifling smoke. PRINCE ARTHUR, seething with righteous wrath, protested against "fragmentary, inconclusive and unsatisfactory debates" upon a delicate and difficult question. JOHN DIL-  
LON gave new Members a taste of his

quality in coercion days. GEORGE CURZON ran amuck at gentlemen below Gangway opposite. TIM HEALY long resisted temptation to associate himself with anything partaking of the character of a free fight. At end of hour and half was dragged in, and soon made up for lost time.

A lively skirmish presaging the pitched battle that can't be long deferred.

Business done.—Mixture of Ireland and Crete; taken hot.

Tuesday night.—General disposition to regard as exaggerated the note in an eminent Frenchman's diary of his visit to an English country house. "It's a fine morning," he represents his host as saying; "let's go out and kill something."

The libel finds some support in episode in connection with occupation of Crete. After taking part in bombardment of blockhouse at Malaxa Admiral HARRIS felt irresistible impulse to go and kill something. Turns forbidden; insurgents for the moment quiet; someone suggested snipe. So whilst Europe trembles on brink of war, all its capitals throbbing with excitement, the British Admiral goes a snipe-shooting. Would never have heard of expedition only for fact that insurgents, not to be outdone in activity, tried to pot the Admiral on returning to his ship, a circumstance which to the true sportsman lends additional charm to snipe shooting in Crete.

Question about it in House to-night. TIM HEALY puts another, which, as usual with him, goes straight to the point. "Will the Admiral in future," he asks, "confine himself to snipe shooting?" GEORGE CURZON, not having had even private notice of question, does not feel bound to answer it. House chuckled with delight at this prospect of settlement. Suppose Admirals of united fleets all go a snipe-shooting, leaving the Cretans to settle their private longstanding account with the Turks?



Rope-walking extraordinary by Sir E. Cl-rke.

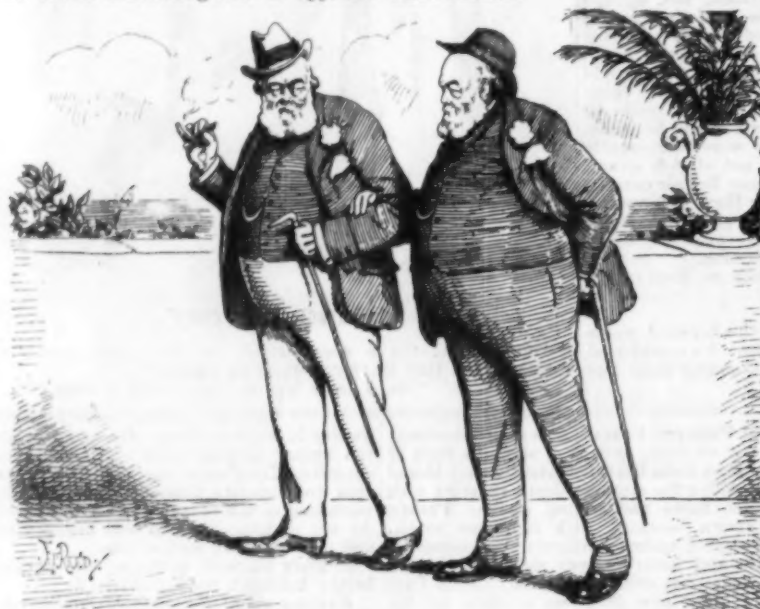
Debate on financial relations of England and Ireland resumed. Debate perhaps not proper name for process. It is the reading or reciting of long essays. EDWARD CLARKE, not to be quite outdone by a gentleman from Canada, spoke for an hour and three quarters against BLAKE's two hours and ten minutes. A pretty spectacle, though the performance a little prolonged. BLONDIN in his prime never so neat in execution as EDWARD CLARKE practising on the tight-rope of Home Rule, with assistance of a pole weighted at one end with "Justice to Ireland," at the other with "Unity of the Empire." So well done that when he lightly leaped down and bowed acknowledgment of applause

"Is it your pleasure that leave be given?" asked the SPEAKER.

"No," cried the guilty Ministerialists.

"Yes," roared a full-throated Opposition.

Challenged for supporters, over three score Liberals rose. Leave accordingly given. SWIFT MACNEILL submitted his case, bringing guilt home to door of the doubly-absent Minister. Never in Parliamentary history was speech so effective. It literally paralysed the audience. No one rose either to further indict or to attempt extenuation. Nothing to be done but to put the question, and, motion for adjournment negatived, House proceeded to ordered business.



The Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs take an (un-) "Constitutional" together in the South of France!

no one quite knew what was his exact position with respect to Amendment before House. *Business done.*—More union among Irish Members. New reading of old saying: "Union is Cash."

*Thursday.*—SWIFT MACNEILL strode down to House to-day full of fell purpose. In spite of occasionally terrifying attitude and thunderous voice, he is one of the gentlest-hearted men in the world. Wouldn't hurt a fly, even if its Saxon birth stared through its lucent eyes and betrayed itself in the movement of its tremulous legs. But there are things which pass the limits of fabulous forbearance. The MARKISS's absence from the United Kingdom just now is one such. If he were merely the Premier, 'twere bad. If he were solely Foreign Secretary, 'twere regrettable. He is both, a Ministerial amalgam, the component parts forming most indispensable element in Cabinet.

That he should be making holiday on the Riviera whilst the dogs of war are baying round Crete is the unpardonable sin. SWIFT MACNEILL will, at whatever cost to private feelings, perform a public duty. So, questions over, he rose, asked leave to move adjournment in order to discuss as matter of urgent public importance the absence from the United Kingdom of the PRIME MINISTER and FOREIGN SECRETARY.

Painful later to observe surprise on faces of crowd of Liberal Members who had supported demand for leave to move adjournment. Standing Order requires that Members approving shall rise to their feet. Being on their legs in token of their burning desire to hear SWIFT MACNEILL's speech, Members walked out, coming back after brief interval, surprised to find all was over.

*Business done.*—The MARKISS narrowly escapes being sent to the Tower.

*Friday.*—PRINCE ARTHUR entering just now, glanced eagerly at Front Opposition Bench, scanning it in vain for towering form of its Captain. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, careful for a life dear to us all, wisely keeps to his room this bleak April day. PRINCE ARTHUR urgently wants to know how about that Vote of Censure? Nothing would please him better than to have the glove dashed down. Signs on the horizon of restlessness among his own men at news of British ships taking active part in league with fleet coercing Greeks and firing on Cretans. A Vote of Censure would close up their ranks, strengthening at home and abroad position of Ministry by overwhelming majority.

"Will you walk into my parlour?" says PRINCE ARTHUR to the SQUIRE.

"Perhaps," says the wary SQUIRE. "By

and-bye. But you must really allow me to choose my own time for calling."

*Business done.*—In the absence of his esteemed Leader, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE endeavoured to raise debate on Crete. Didn't raise it much.

### THE MILITIA OFFICER'S VADE MECUM.

*Question.* What advantage do you derive from your commission as a commander in "the old constitutional force?"

*Answer.* The satisfaction of feeling that I am doing my best to secure my country from invasion.

*Q.* Is that sentiment universally influential?

*A.* No; for the militia is sadly in need of officers. The roll is no less than 700 short of the authorised establishment.

*Q.* Leaving out of the question your conscience, do you obtain other satisfaction?

*A.* Scarcely; unless it be satisfactory to be sneered at by the regulars and jeered at by the volunteers.

*Q.* Are there not social advantages attaching to the commission of a Militiaman?

*A.* Undoubtedly. It is a qualification for membership to the Senior Service Clubs, but as the elder sons go into the reserve, and the younger brothers to the active battalions, the former are eligible for institutions of equal distinction.

*Q.* You can put your rank on your cards?

*A.* A questionable advantage, as the grade should be accompanied, to avoid ridicule, with the number of a militia battalion—a reference suggestive of amateur soldiering.

*Q.* Is the training of the militia, then, mere child's play?

*A.* Certainly not; as a battalion manages to get through more genuine hard work in twenty-seven days than the regulars do in a quarter, or even six months.

*Q.* Is this fact recognised by the public and the Government?

*A.* The public know nothing about it, and the Government accept it officially, and then ignore it.

*Q.* Does not a commanding officer take a pride in the efficiency of his militia regiment?

*A.* If he does, he is still haunted with the knowledge that at the first talk of war about half of his men will be drafted into the active battalion, and their places supplied by raw recruits.

*Q.* But surely he should be pleased to think that the militia is the nursery of the regular army?

*A.* He might regard the reflection with satisfaction if he obtained the slightest recognition of his patriotic unselfishness.

*Q.* Speaking as a patriot, how would you fill the vacancies in the commissioned ranks of the militia?

*A.* By causing all subalterns to pass from "the old constitutional force" into the regulars, and sending back seasoned warriors into the battalions first associated with their names in the *Army List*.

*Q.* Have you any reason for believing that this scheme is the best possible?

*A.* Yes; as it has already been received with general approval by a body of experts meeting recently at the Royal United Service Institution.

*Q.* Is such a gathering as that to which you refer to be relied on for sound sense?

*A.* Unquestionably; when its members are permitted to speak their minds without regard to the opinions officially formulated in Pall Mall or at the Admiralty.



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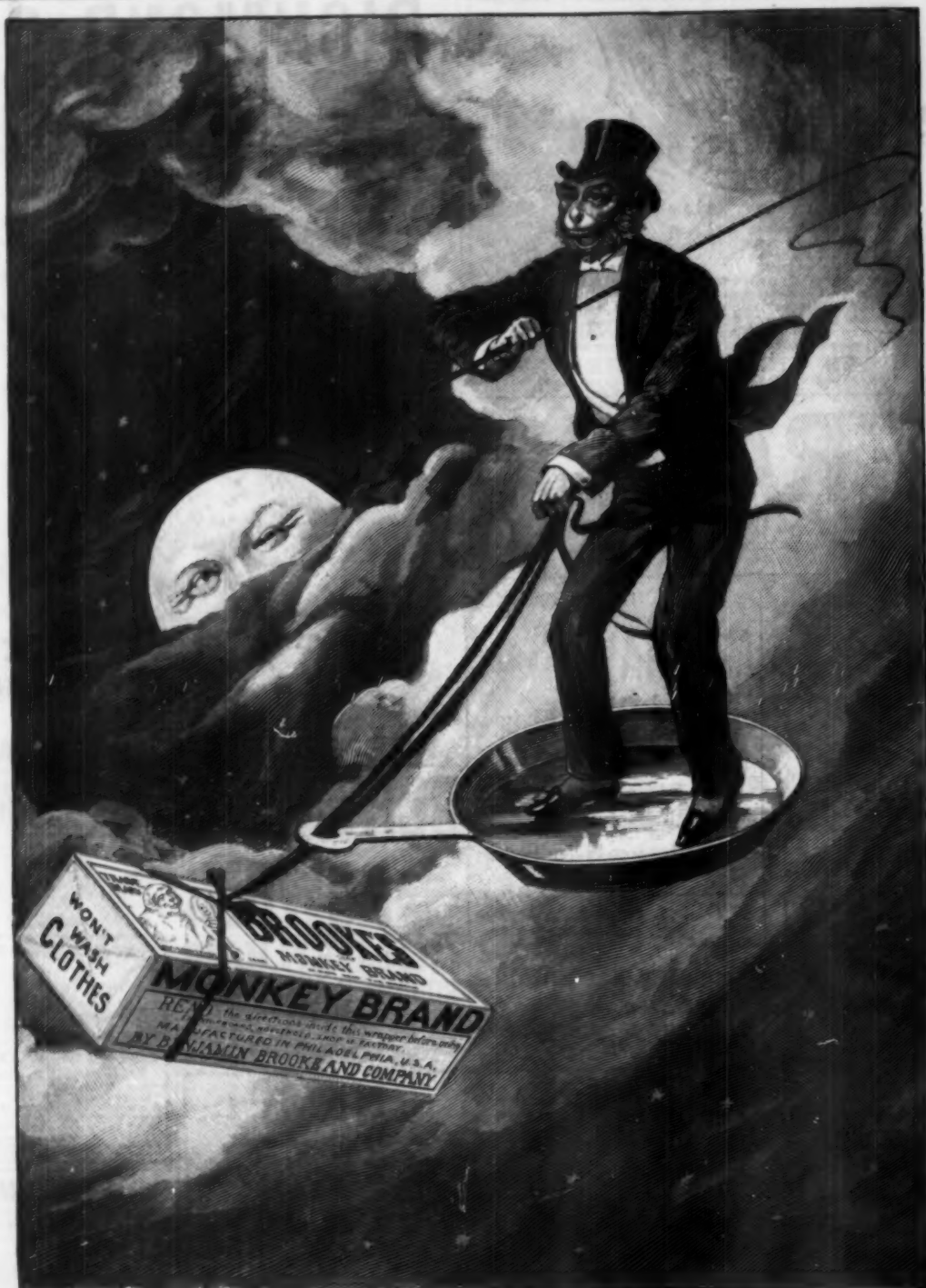
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